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EDITORIALS

SYDNEY ALLEN STONE

(From the Hebrew of Wesseley)

*Thy mind aspired, where'er the mind dare climb,
To all that is ennobling and sublime,
Thy knowledge was as gold refined from clay;
The truths engraven by the pen divine,
The words that flowed forth from thy lips benign,
More soft than oil, than honey sweet were they.*

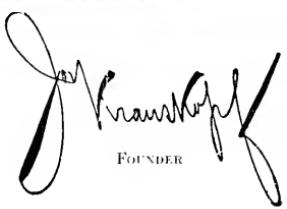
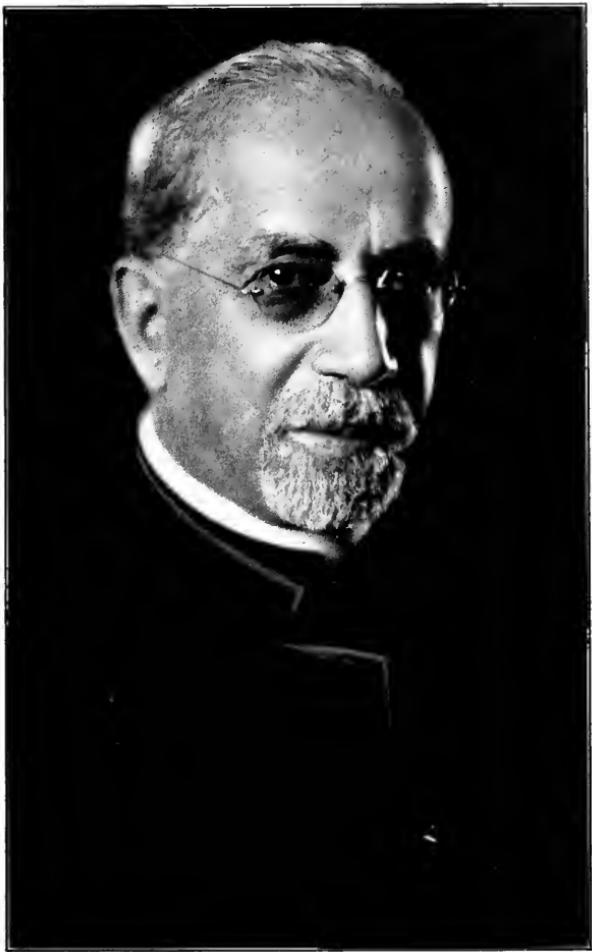
*The tree is withered, but the fruit remains;
Wrapped in the scroll of deathless truth, it gains.
New brighter fame as age succeeds to age.
He is not gone, he is not far on high,
His wisdom is the firm, enduring tie
That binds us ever to the immortal sage.*

LUNDOUTEDLY we have grown from a small beginning to a little giant, speaking strictly of our material school. This has been a great satisfaction to those who have striven so hard to secure the support and funds necessary for this growth. From the days of Pioneer Hall and its first 160 acres, to the present, when we may say so easily, "Farm No. 9," or "Farm No. 10," is a far cry, but it has not been in great strides.

We are told that back in the '90's, Doctor Krauskopf had an idea. To him it probably was a vision, to some others it probably was a dream, a real dream. He saw no reason why city boys should not make out as well in agriculture as country-bred boys. In fact, he did believe that they should make out better, their city rearing being to their advantage. The accomplishment of this vision we are now enjoying.

Do we ever stop to wonder what he would say if he could see us as we are today? Did it ever enter our minds that he might possibly not be entirely pleased with what he would see? I firmly believe that he did not intend us to receive all we receive. Would he advocate the complexities of rotations, cash crops, breed records, and other similar matters that puzzle and heckle the farmer at every turn?

There are two ways to look at this problem. Farming in the early days was very different from what it is now. With its simplicity and ease of living were the companions, poverty and ignorance. We have progressed, in a way, but we have also degenerated to a certain extent. With our modern ways we also have our international depressions and farm relief. The day when the farm was a self-supporting estate has passed, and with it have also passed some of the ease and solid comfort of rural life. The problem of the future will be not to devise new schemes to increase income, but to provide comfort.



Jay Krausberg

FOUNDER



LITERARY

CHESTER ROGALSKI

A NORWEGIAN FANTASY

THE damp and chilly atmosphere was reflected in my mood. I was to wait in that little, gloomy, typically Norwegian waiting room a full two hours before my train was to arrive. Only one other traveller was in the room, and for want of other amusement, I turned to him for conversation. He was an elderly, white-haired man who looked as though he had once followed the sea for a livelihood.

I broached a great many vague subjects but received no amiable replies from him. Finally, I asked him the history of a ruined village I had seen on the line a few days before.

The effect on him was magical. His eyes smouldered as though a dying fire in him had been revived. He leaned forward and began his story. It impressed itself on me to such an extent that, persisting in my mind for several days, I set it down in pen. I could not have had better authority on the history of the all of Svenero, as the village was called, for the old man was from there himself.

"I don't know just how to begin this," said my narrator, "but it goes back to about—well it was eleven years ago last May, when Olaf, Olaf the Dark, came to us. He came with little money in his pockets, a very quiet fellow, imposing in look and build. Very quiet, yet one couldn't call him sullen, but rather sad. With his son (did I mention before that

he had a son? You see my memory is a bit stiff on the recollection), anyway, Olaf settled on the edge of our village. He lived a good, yes even a righteous life, among us who break the Sabbath for our livelihood, but he never mixed with the village folk.

"They even made up rumors about him and his boy. But he paid no attention to them, even when they said that his boy was illegitimate. Once when someone accused him of having killed his wife, he did flare up; but everyone forgot about that at the time. Olaf made good catches and prospered. He built a fine house, got a new boat, new nets—why we would have considered him our leading citizen, except for the fact that he still didn't mix with us. Yes, he was a big puzzle to all the village. (Huwee! Huwee! No no, don't mind my cough, please. It comes on me at times.)

"Olaf was with us nearly a year when something strange happened. You know, Olaf never mixed with us villagers; but with his son it was quite a different matter. He, the son, was very popular among the other children in the village. They all liked him, and even we, ourselves, would often stop to watch him in some trial of wit or strength. But one day, the children came home to ask us what had happened to this son of Olaf. Poor lad, he was seen no more.

"With no word of the boy's disappear-

ance, Olaf lapsed into a despondent mood. He began to drink. Even though he came in contact with us at the inn, he still did no more than say "Greetings" to us, and that absently. No one of us knew what to make of it. When the meaning became clear to us, it was too—too—oh well, you'll find out for yourself. That is, if you care to listen that long to this unreal tale. But it's almost over.

"One evening, a very hot summer evening, we were all sitting on the pier, Olaf on the edge of the group. The moon seemed to be a ghastly gray, the waters were sighing strangely, and the heat was crackling into lightning as we sat there. One of us noted some misty formation on the waters, and we watched it, watched it take the uncanny likeness of a young boy. We stared, our eyes as if glued to the figure, when the mutterings of Olaf drew our attention. His eyes were bulging from their sockets, his hands and arms were shaking as if they had palsy, while he drew toward the water like a hypnotized person.

"The horror of the scene caught us, as Olaf, falling to his knees, tried to resist that magnetic power. The apparition seemed to beckon—the waters to sigh, 'Come!! Come!!' as Olaf strained. The lightning struck, the mist dissolved, as Olaf fell into his watery tomb. We stared, horror-stricken, then crossed ourselves, as we turned back to town." My narrator stopped for a moment as he shook his shoulders. I waited for him to resume.

"Some months had passed. Our catches had dropped off. Whatever had prospered before now came to ruin. It seemed as if luck avoided us on purpose. One night we all were at the inn, and of course were talking over the lot that had

been ours. But one fellow felt certain that our bad luck was the result of the passing of Olaf. We paid no attention to him until he began to blaspheme us and the devil together; he also called us misguided fools.

"In vain we implored him to keep still, but he would not. Suddenly, it seemed, he started for the pier. We never knew what made him go, and he seemed dazed. We all liked Anton, (did I mention his name before. I think he was a German), but anyway, we could not have stopped him for something made us helpless. We did, however, follow him to the pier.

"This was a cooler night, and we stood and watched Anton. The spell held us. Five—ten—twenty-five minutes passed, and still we watched Anton, ourselves powerless. The water lapped gently, and the moon, coming from behind a cloud, revealed two—(the voice of my narrator broke). He reached for water and found the spigot dry. Then he began anew.

"What shall I call those, those apariations? This time we saw two figures on the rippling waters. They resembled a man and a boy. Anton walked towards the end of the pier and looked out at the misty shapes, for so they seemed. He crossed himself and dropped to his knees. He stretched out his arms to plead, but nothing could have aided him.

"As we broke our mystic bonds, he fell into the sea. And as we reached the edge of the pier, the skies were lit by a ruddy glow. We crossed ourselves, and turned to the village to find it in flames."

Here my narrator stopped. He seemed to be dreaming. I waited, thoughtfully, for a few moments, until the train was heard puffing and chugging towards us.

First prize story in the GLEANER Story Contest, Won by Jack Hevesh '34.

THE STRANGE POWER

PROFESSOR RANES had formed an ideal, in his mind, of the woman he would some day marry. By constant association with every class of people, for several years, he had learned to judge character. He subconsciously scored everyone he met as a cattle expert would score cattle, but he had never yet met a girl who was even eighty per cent up to his standard of perfection. Although his ideal was fully formed in his late teens, he reached the age of twenty-eight before he met Alice Carr, and then, only to find that she was already engaged to marry his new subordinate, Professor Francis Gare.

From the moment their eyes had met, he was sure that she was the only one in the world who could make him happy, the one for whom he had been waiting and yearning for the past ten years with courageous patience and self-restraint.

Alice had grown up from childhood with Francis Gare, and their interests had always been very much in common since that time. Their loyalty and mutually broad understanding of one another had grown, from staunch friendship, into a desire for life-long companionship as man and wife, which, by many, is given the definition of love. It is quite true that she was infatuated and strangely thrilled, on meeting the striking and brilliant Professor Ranes. His personality had haunted her from the time they had first met, and she was constantly peeved at herself for allowing her mind to dwell on another man, when she was already engaged to the man whom she was sure she loved.

* * * * *

In order to understand what is to follow, we must briefly look into the life-

history of Charles Ranes, who was admired from a distance and considered greatly eccentric by a huge public.

Charles Ranes was an exception to most of human nature. He was born of very wealthy parents and given everything he asked from the time of childhood. In spite of this he was not spoiled, he was a silent, deep thinker by nature, although of unusually fierce passions suppressed only by an iron will. When once provoked into anger, which was very rare and never unjust on his part, he would become a demon of fiery wrath, after once unleashing the beast nature of his make-up, which was generally hidden and unsuspected.

He enjoyed being among people, although he was not what might be called sociable. Every human being seemed to fascinate him as well as did most animals.

He was a brilliant student and stood at the head of his class in every subject, but the subject that most interested him was Physiology, along with everything that pertained to it. At the age of fourteen he knew human anatomy thoroughly. He understood, and knew the name and function of every muscle, bone, enzyme, and organ of the human body. He understood every chemical and physical action and reaction that takes place, but seemed especially interested and fascinated by the brain and its relation to the body. He perplexed his parents, fellow-students and teachers with his undying mania for dissecting cats, mice, frogs and many other creatures for the purpose of studying their brain structures.

He kept up this strange interest all through his high school days, but shared its importance with all the information he could possibly gather about Psy-

chology. He attended the state University, where his knowledge of every kind of Psychology was almost on a par with that of the professor who was supposed to be teaching him the subject. He graduated knowing much more. His education was continued at various colleges, and he carried several degrees at the age of twenty-four, when he went abroad for two years. Most of his time abroad was spent in studying the ways of the Hindus and Chinese, much to the perplexity of his home associates. He spent large sums of money for the first time in his life and no one knew where it went.

At the end of his twenty-sixth year he returned to this country and became a professor of Psychology in one of the leading Universities. It is here we find him now.

* * * * *

For the first time in his life Professor Ranes could not sit down to his desk and study. Life seemed suddenly flat-tasting and uninteresting. He could think of nothing but Alice Carr, the girl he had dreamed of all of his life who was made unattainable by Francis Gare, the man who stood between them. How he hated Gare! The fellow was an obstacle put in his way by the irony of fate. In prehistoric time it had been the best man who always won the woman. A fight—the survival of the fittest! The strongest were always reproduced and the weaklings eliminated; all this thought the professor, "That is nature's way—that is scientific—Ahh!—and I will!" With this decision spoken aloud, he calmly proceeded to prepare the next day's work.

* * * * *

A class of thirty respectful and attentive students were listening to the voice of Professor Ranes as he gave one of his

(Continued on page 23)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIME

*"To every thing there is a season,
And a time to every purpose."*

*A time to be born,
And a time to die;
A time to plant,
And a time to pluck that is planted.*

*A time to kill,
And a time to heal;
A time to break down
And a time to build up.*

*A time to weep,
And a time to laugh;
A time to mourn,
And a time to dance.*

*A time to cast away stones,
And a time to bring stones together;
A time to embrace,
And a time to refrain from embracing.*

*A time to seek,
And a time to lose;
A time to keep,
And a time to cast away.*

*A time to rend,
And a time to sew;
A time to keep silence,
And a time to speak.*

*A time to love,
And a time to hate;
A time for war,
And a time for peace.*

FRANK, '32.



AGRICULTURE

GERALD WESTNEDGE

AT THIS time we find it necessary to bid farewell to one who has been friend, instructor, and counsellor to us for ten years. He has shared our sorrows, our joys, and our hopes, only now to leave us.

David M. Purnell, Instructor in charge of Horticulture, is leaving us, to embark upon an independent career as an orchardist in New Jersey. He will be located at Hopewell, in that state, where he has purchased a fruit farm of some 230 acres. I am sure that the student body, faculty, and all our friends join me in wishing him the best of success in this venture.

Mr. Purnell's farewell address will be found elsewhere in this issue.

AGRICULTURE IN THE WEST

MANY of the students are interested in knowing what opportunities the West presents for agriculture. As a Westerner and a traveler, I will endeavor to convey to you a slight idea of the West as I have seen and learned about it.

In the West there are ample opportunities to pursue any branch of agriculture. A person should know which branch of agriculture he wishes to follow and then go to the state where it is practiced.

The West is divided into three principal parts: the Plains Region, the Rocky Mountains and branch ranges, and the Pacific Slope.

If Dairy is the vocation, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Pacific slope will be found to have nearly ideal conditions. Beef cattle, however, are found to do best along the eastern edge of the Rockies from Texas and Arizona to Montana. Sheep thrive in practically the same region as beef cattle but further in the Rockies, extending to mountains in

eastern Oregon and Washington.

Vegetable growing in large quantities is found in valleys in Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico and all along the Pacific. If it is fruit growing, go clear to the Pacific slope. Fruit large and small, in many varieties and kinds, from Sub-Tropical to Northern are grown here.

Floriculture and Landscape Gardening need little mention as they are adaptable to any location.

Poultry comes largely in Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Pacific slope states. Watch those egg co-ops.

General agriculture occupies the Plains Region. Wheat reigns from Oklahoma, north into Canada and west to Montana and Washington. Corn is at home in Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri; and where corn is grown, pigs are sure to be found. The rest of the cereals are also found in this region. Oats are grown in the Dakotas. Vegetables have replaced a lot of the cotton in Texas.

Yes, there is lots of wisdom in Horace Greeley's words "Go West, young man!"

DEPARTMENT NEWS



GENERAL AGRICULTURE

The rain has brought the potatoes up in a hurry, the ground being well prepared. The Soybeans were disked and plowed to a depth of four inches last fall. This spring the land was disked and plowed to a depth of ten inches, spring-toothed, and gone over with the culti-packer.

Corn is planted on the Katz farm and farms Numbers 5, 3, and 6, all of which have profited by the recent rains.

Wheat and oats are coming up splendidly. The last of the threshing has been done, and all the straw baled.

The old adage of "Rainy May, lots of hay" seems to be working out to perfection this year.

The pigs are rooting merrily, preparing for the inevitable demise that is the lot of practically all fair young porkers. Mr. Craft has certainly shown results in feeding, while the "Shrinko" feed at No. 3 did not turn out so well.

HORTICULTURE

It would seem that the Hort Department has fallen heir to a legacy from a distant relative, for it suddenly blossomed forth with a new spring box-wagon. The new Cletrac has made its appearance with a child at its side in the form of a Planet, Jr., garden tractor.

The petal fall spray on apples and pears has been completed, as has the shuck fall spray on peaches.

The cabbages have received an arsenical facial to protect their delicate skin

from the ravages of insects. All vegetables are set out excepting the late cabbage.

The asparagus and rhubarb harvests are in full swing and the scallions are going fast. The strawberries will soon need a watchman as they will be large in size, but not so numerous.

All together things are looking prosperous.

DAIRY

The dairy is now composed of about one hundred milking cows and some dry cows. There are also approximately one hundred head under milking age, besides a few bulls.

The demand for milk is unable to meet the supply of one thousand quarts daily even when the calves are being fed whole milk and a new customer for 120 quarts has been procured. To handle this surplus milk is separated every night and buttermaking continues.

A fence similar to the one around the campus is being built now at the dairy.

Hay is gone and so is most of the straw. We are anxiously awaiting haying time.

APIARY

There is a lull in the activities now, between the fruit blossom time and blooming of the field crops. Only one of the hundred colonies is weak. There was an attack of foul-brood, but it was checked before much damage could be done.

POULTRY

This is the time of the year when the poultry department seniors, instead of turning to thoughts of love, are busily engaged in mothering thousands of baby chicks. The department hatched a total of 12,000 baby chicks, 6,000 of which were sold. We had an average of 8 per cent mortality during the brooding season.

The broilers are being sold at sky high prices, thanks to the broiler king.

Five hundred pullets are out on range at present. Within the next month we hope to have a total of 2,000 birds.

Culling is being done continuously to make room for our next year's laying pullets. The seniors are diligently reading up on castration, because they will soon have a chance to perform this delicate operation.

We are getting 470 dozen eggs a week, which is about 60 per cent production. Mr. Katz is giving the department 1200 fertile duck eggs in return for hatching services rendered him by the department.

Pheasants and guinea hens will be added for the coming year. Prices of eggs may be low, but Mr. Toor predicts a gala year for the department.

LANDSCAPE

The outstanding spring work of the department was the change of the planting in front of Ulman Hall. The new

planting will bring more light and air to the first floor rooms and will make the building appear shorter. The privet hedge will have the appearance of a terrace and will also make the building seem nearer to the driveway.

The income for the sale of nursery stock for the year ending April 31, 1931, has exceeded that of past years. However, it is hardly possible for the department to make further progress towards increasing its yearly income because most of the work consists of caring for 20 acres of lawn and improving the appearance of the school campus and outlying farms.

FLORICULTURE

"The flowers are nature's jewels with whose Wealth she decks her summer beauty."

With the co-operation of the present Greenhouse Senior Quartet, and with the appearance of warm weather, this department is farther ahead in its work than it has ever been before. Asters are already planted in the field. Carnations are doing well in the field adjacent to the Piggery. Mum cuttings planted are coming along in great shape, and a bumper crop of peonies is expected to come in for Decoration Day. Changing of beds is started. By the way, have you seen also our latest exhibition of rare plants and animals?



"CY" N. TIFIK FARMING SQUIBS

Over in Scotland, on the 200,000 laying bird poultry farm, cockerels are separated from the flock when fourteen days old and are destroyed because it does not pay to raise them for meat.

All the work on this unique farm is done by women. Perhaps this is what led Mr. Weil, in his talk several months ago, to refer to poultry as a housewife's occupation.

Department of Agriculture experts at Washington are at work endeavoring to find out how plants manufacture starch. The object, according to a newspaper report, is to learn how to make starch synthetically. Then what will the farmers do? Why worry? The secret will probably never be discovered.

The University of Wisconsin has proved that the vitamin D content in milk can be increased four to eight times by feeding irradiated yeast to the cows. This means that in the near future we may hear of milk especially rich in vitamin D for invalids and children suffering from rickets.

With the order coming from the office that students are forbidden to obtain this vitamin by exposing their limbs to the sun, we may therefor furnish it by feeding our cows irradiated yeast.

The Farm School poultry mashes contain some fourteen different ingredients. Some hash, eh?

Small-sized potatoes which were formerly considered culs, are being put up in cans in Florida. Nobody can say that the Florida farmers are asleep.

House-to-house orange juice delivery has been in effect in that state for quite a while. The success has led the National Dairy Corporation to inaugurate similar

service in conjunction with its retail milk delivery in several cities throughout the country. The orange juice is frozen as soon as it is extracted and is delivered in this condition. It is warmed before being used.

Ducks thrive on the Mexican bean beetle, one of the worst pests of the vegetable gardener. Duck raising and oliculture should go hand in hand.

An acre of sweet clover turned under for green manure is equivalent to twenty tons of barnyard manure.

The most revolutionary thing in dairy-ing is the Rotolactor system of milking. In poultry it is the individual pen for layers which is being tried on many poultry farms of New Jersey. Besides reducing labor costs and cutting down diseases, this system is said to help produce larger eggs, whose shells are of uniform texture.

A BIT ABOUT "GRANDPOP"

Few students knew much of "Grandpop", our Holstein herd sire, until he was sent to Farm School's Home for Decrepit Ruminants at Montgomeryville, a short while ago.

His real name was Knollcroft King Carlotta Korndyke and he was thirteen years old, an age when bulls are more useful for making bologna than for breeding.

Five of his daughters were in the Advanced Registry when he came here in 1926.

In that year, before coming here, he won the Senior and Grand Champion-ship and Hagerstown, Md., and the Montgomery County Fair in 1926; he was second aged bull at the Allentown Fair and fifth prize aged bull at the Trenton Fair.

OUR LITTLE JOKES

In a cigarette it's taste; in an Austin it's impossible.



Moll—"Say judge, haven't you a better jail than this?"

Judge—"Yes, but this will do in a pinch."



Sweet One—"Do you know the difference between dancing and marching?"

Zuck—"No, I don't."

S. O.—"Just as I thought."

"We'll gladly die for dear old N.F.S." cried the boys, as Monday's bread pudding was served.

Frosh—"What instrument do you play in the orchestra?"

Joe Talent—"Oh! I shoot the cannon."

The Jnnior track team had a cold recently, but he's feeling much better now. His name is Harman.

Jane—"I'm a decided blonde."

Joe—"When did you decide."

In football it's grit; in spinach it's terrible.

FROM THE ARABIAN DICTIONARY

Cinch—to burn

Speed—a horrid word, especially at the end of your cigar.

Past—a nuisance.

Slip—a state of slumber.

Chain—female (colloquial).

Pepper—one writes on this.

Pet—a wager.

Bad—one bathes in this.

Coil—young woman.

Knickers—colored people.

WEATHER

Rain Fair
 Snow Sex Inform.
 Or what have you
Note:—Check off
one desired

The Nonsensical Review

PRICE:

Three cents

Five cents in Phila. and
other foreign countries**Our Motto: Remember the Alimony****Date: Doubtful**

SOCIAL LION ENTERS MONASTERY

Disillusioned Play Boy Renounces Worldly Possessions

1. Portnoy, gay young blood of the Bronx, startled society yesterday when he announced his intention of becoming a monk. Evidently he must have received a great blow to forsake the social whirl in which he figured so prominently.

When interviewed by a *Gleaner* reporter, Mr. Portnoy exclaimed bitterly, "I've been a fool. Heretofore I thought that wine, women and song meant everything; and now—now the song be d—d."

This heartbroken gentleman has given his all, which consists of love letters (both of them), a cocktail shaker and a pawn ticket to charity.

OFFERS SELF FOR \$10,000

Bud Adele, track and parlor sensation, startled this locality when he announced that he would offer himself, body and soul, for \$10,000. Mr. Adele stated later to the press that he will donate the money to the crippled traveling salesmen.

This abnormal interest in salesmen may be traced to four years ago when one ran away with his wife.

QUESTION BOX

Ophelia Z.

"Red" Newman has red hair, blue eyes, and possesses a distinct demeanor. Most earnest fellow alive, a herring tearer, and reads only the best in tabloids.

* * *

Betty M.

Citron is a southerner from the Carolinas, and looks the part. Eats peanut brittle in bed, and his life-long ambition is to see the movie in which the heroine is not rescued in the nick of time.

* * *

Peggy L.

Solomonowitz is a swarthy looking gent, alias "Sol the Sadist." He is broadminded in all respects. The key to the missing broiler mystery.

* * *

Hepzibah E.

Pollachek—the Toscanini of Farm School is very consistent (consistently wrong). His classmates suffer because of his humor, and he suffers because of amnesia. Very difficult to identify if lost, for his clothes belong to ten other guys.

The female population is all agog over the announcement, and at this moment many of them are on their knees, slaving away to the bone in order to obtain the necessary sum.

LONG SEARCH FOR SCIENTIST ENDS

Missing Herpetologist Found

Professor Morris Sooper, Ph.C., A.B.C., who started on a snake-hunting expedition last January, was found by a passing taxi, in the wilds of Burlington County, New Jersey, yesterday.

Nearly starved, and unconscious as usual, he stated to the staff reporter that he had been chasing a rare species of the little-known Coofus Snake, and had been confounded by the signposts, which he could not read, as they were all printed in the English language so common to Jersey and so little understood by civilized nations.

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CAMPUS NEWS

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN

FACULTY MEMBERS ADDRESS ASSEMBLY

May 13—Talks by Mr. Fiesser and Dr. Massinger featured today's assembly program. In his talk, Mr. Fiesser described the changes being made about Ulman Hall and the future changes to be made at the dairy. The plantings, he said, will be in keeping with the most modern practices in landscaping.

Dr. Massinger told the audience that modern veterinary was becoming more and more preventative rather than curative. He pointed out that sixty-five cents was the cost of administering lock-jaw serum, while to cure an infected horse, cost hundreds of dollars, and there was a poor chance of the horse surviving.

"I never cure an animal," Dr. Massinger said. "I merely assist nature."

FRESHMEN STUDENTS DEBATE ON MACHINERY

May 20—Most of Farm School's machinery quit functioning an hour before noon today to hear six Freshmen argue on the subject, "*Resolved, That Machinery Will Eventually Enslave Us.*" The affirmative side, presented by Simons, Raditz and Shapiro, stated that machinery has produced the human robot and is the direct cause of today's unemployment and unhappiness. The negative team, Dagan, George and Denitz, argued that the industrial depression as it exists today, was not caused by the machine, but other factors; also, we are enjoying a higher standard of living. The judges, Mr. Schmieder, Mr. Fiesser and Mr.

Fleming awarded the decision to the affirmative team.

MOVIE BENEFIT SUCCESS

Bob Goldstein, Chairman of the movie benefit committee, reports that the affair was a financial success for the A. A. Those of the committee deserving mention are Bercut, Silverberg, Spiller, Rosenzweig and Matcovitch. The Junior class, solicited by I. Portnoy and Ostroff, purchased more tickets than the other two classes.

The committee takes this opportunity to thank the Strand management for making the benefit possible.

CAMPUS BEAUTIFIED

The Landscape Department has improved the beauty of our campus this spring so that it is now more beautiful than ever before. However, it is up to the students to aid in keeping the lawns in good condition and not to injure the shrubbery that has recently been planted. Your co-operation in the matter is earnestly desired.

The dining-room committee is functioning successfully—everyone likes the pies which are awarded weekly to the three cleanest tables. The competition is quite keen.

The Varsity Sport Dance will be held in June, probably the 20th. This is going to be bigger and better than ever, according to advance information.



IT WILL no doubt be a surprise to you to know that I am leaving Farm School soon.

An unusual opportunity presented itself to me in the purchase of a fine, well-equipped and producing 230-acre fruit farm at Hopewell, N. J., twelve miles from Trenton.

Of course it will be quite a change for me and I rather think that I will find it hard to part from the old school, its students and faculty with whom I have had pleasant associations for so long.

Since I came here, almost ten years ago, I have seen the school change remarkably for the best. Particularly has the Horticulture Department grown and expanded under my supervision.

The acreage of vegetables and tree fruits was extended from twenty to almost one hundred acres. Small fruits, hitherto unknown to the students, became an important part of the Hort crops.

New asparagus beds, peach and apple orchards, hotbeds for growing early vegetable plants have enhanced and broadened the scope of the horticultural work

at the school, both educationally and commercially.

The Horticulture Building, which I helped to plan and the equipment now on hand is as fine as any agricultural school in the country can boast of.

The orchards, berries and gardens have been brought up to high productivity. The trees are in fine shape and should continue producing fine crops. Even with low prices for farm products, there is no reason why the department should not continue to prosper as heretofore.

Farm School affords the student a unique training as no other school in the country does, and I am particularly proud to have been able to help during the past ten years to train the boys to the best of my ability and knowledge.

At this time I wish to express my appreciation to President Allman, Board of Directors, and Dean Goodling for the full and unstinted support they extended me in my work all these years and also the esteem shown me at all times.

As I will be located only 24 miles from Doylestown, I shall endeavor to be in close touch and maintain friendly relations with the school, faculty members and students.

I also extend a hearty welcome to all of you to visit us at our place.

Optimistically yours,

D. M. PURMELL.

Under the supervision of C. D. Jeffries, connected with the Soils Department of Penn State College, students sowed a hay mixture May 19th, on the Allman Field at the Home Farm.

The experiment is now in its fourth year. "This is much too early for any official results to be announced," Mr. Jeffries told a GLEANER reporter. He pointed out that experiments are conducted for at least twenty years before any conclusions are drawn.

CHAPEL SERVICES

May 8—Rabbi Nathen, of Philadelphia, was the speaker at our Chapel Services. In his sermon he emphasized that we get out of our endeavors whatever we put into them. He conducted an open forum for students after regular services were over.

May 1—This was Rabbi Feibelman's first message to the Freshman Class. He told us to make use of all our available cultural opportunities, especially the books in the library.

May 15—In his sermon, Rabbi Feibelman spoke on "Courage" as being one of the finest attributes.

May 22—Rabbi Unger addressed the student body for the second time this semester. His sermon was on "Ideals," in which he said the Ten Commandments, for which the Shovuoth holiday was being observed today, are among the finest.

POULTRY CLUB

The Poultry Club season is now in full swing. Our open meetings are an attraction to the student body. It is a common sight to see a third of the school present.

Mr. Lebove gave an interesting talk on culling. We are also having motion pictures every second week.

The poultry club has decided to allow Freshmen to join. This is the first time in the history of the club that this has happened. The executive committee will consider each prospective member more carefully than has been done in the past. The club will be limited to forty.

The program committee, with the co-operation of Mr. Toor, intends to sponsor a trip to Kerr's Hatcheries, and see the individual laying cages. Visits to other

hatcheries will be included on this tour.

Caponizing will be performed for the benefit of the Club members.

SOLOMONOWITZ.

THE BAND

The band is now at the height of its career. Through the untiring efforts of its adviser, Lieut. Frankel, it has, in three years, developed from a mediocre school band, to a standard where it can give the best of the amateur musical organizations something to worry about. Our organization now numbers 43 musicians, as compared to 30 of previous years. In order to accommodate the enlarged band, eight new uniforms have been added to its wardrobe.

With the new season just a few weeks old, the band is fully prepared to add to the laurels already in its possession. Above all, the "bandsters" are eagerly looking forward to accompanying the football team to Washington, D. C., this fall, when our eleven will compete with that of the Emerson Institute for gridiron supremacy. Whatever the outcome of our expectations, the thought of marching down the famous avenue of the presidents, Pennsylvania Avenue, playing our own "N. F. S. MARCH" is the height of all day dreaming.

HENRY GOLDMAN, *Secretary.*

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

The Hort Club is resuming its usual activity. Plans for speakers are being arranged and will undoubtedly result in many helpful lectures. Several trips will be made as soon as the growing season is at its height. One of the trips will include the annual field day exposition held at the New Jersey College of Agriculture.

Freshmen will be permitted to enter the club shortly, at time when they will be most benefited by it.

SPORTS

MORRIS SOOPPER

FARM SCHOOL LOSES OPENER

The whistle of the little white sphere and the thud of the bat ushered in the new baseball season at Farm School.

The opening game was lost to the strong La Salle nine, by a score of 5 to 2. La Salle presented a strong offensive team and bunched its hits in pinches to win the game.

Farm School just couldn't get started and failed to come through with hits when they meant runs. Spevak, who started the game for the Aggies, struck out eight batters but the support behind him was very poor. Cavanaugh was the hitting star for the losers, getting two hits.

Boutilier, who relieved Spevak in the seventh inning, silenced the winners' bats. He fanned 3 in his short stay in the box.

FARM SCHOOL STAGES COMEBACK

Staging a comeback at the expense of Lansdale High School, the Aggies made the going rough for the visiting pitching staff, and won their first game of the season. The score resembled that of a football game, 21-13. Fineberg, playing 2nd base for the Green and Gold, starred at bat, getting three solid hits. The defensive playing of both teams was very poor, 12 errors being committed.

FARM SCHOOL TOPS CENTRAL EVENING HIGH SCHOOL

Unleashing a terrific offensive attack the Aggies subdued Central Evening High School, by a score of 13 to 7. In the first inning the losers touched Spevak for two runs, but after that inning the worst was over and he was tossing the balls in a de luxe manner.

Captain Caplan made one of the greatest catches seen on the ball field this year. He ran over toward 2nd and whipped the ball to 1st for the putout.

Plevinsky, a newcomer, smacked the ball for a home run. He also got a single and brought in 3 runs. Spevak struck out seven men and also contributed a hit toward the victory.

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Spiller, 1b.....	5	0	2	13	0	3
Caplan, ss.....	1	2	0	4	1	0
Mateovich, lf.....	4	2	1	1	0	0
Boutilier, cf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Cavanaugh, rf.....	5	1	0	0	0	0
Plevinsky, 3b.....	3	3	2	0	4	3
Lazarow, 3b.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Edelman, c.....	2	3	0	7	0	0
Fineberg, 2b.....	4	1	2	2	3	1
Spivak, p.....	3	1	0	4	2	
Harmon.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total.....	34	13	9	21	13	9

Central Evening High.... 2 0 0 0 4 0 0 0 1 — 7
Farm School..... 5 0 4 0 3.0 1 0 — 13

CENTRAL EVE. HIGH	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	SELLERVILLE-PERKASIE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Clearfield, lf.....	4	3	1	1	0	0	Stover, ss.....	5	2	3	3	3	0
Loringstein, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	3	4	Bardsley, lf.....	5	0	1	0	1	0
Zurfass, ss.....	5	1	0	1	2	1	Apple, 1b.....	5	0	1	0	5	1
Burnett, 2b.....	3	1	0	2	4	1	Haldeman, 2b.....	3	1	1	2	5	0
Bradley, c.....	4	0	1	10	2	1	Biutzer, cf.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Gimble, cf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	Hunsicker, rf.....	5	1	1	0	2	0
Toubert, 1b.....	5	1	1	13	0	3	Gutekunst, c.....	5	1	1	1	9	1
Sklar, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	Hubbert, p.....	5	1	1	2	0	1
Kauffman, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	Total.....	41	8	11	9	27	3
Levine, p	1	0	0	0	0	0							
	—	—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	—	—
Total.....	34	7	3	27	17	12		—	—	—	—	—	—

FARM SCHOOL TROUNCED

Sellersville-Perkasie, champions of Bucks County, who haven't lost a game in their league in two years, administered a licking to the Aggies. The Aggies just couldn't get going, and the four errors that they made did them no good. Fineberg & Harman did all the slugging for the home team, getting five out of ten hits that the Farmers made. Slover of the visitors shone afield and at the bat. He was largely responsible for the defeat of the farmers.

Sellersville-Perkasie.....	1	2	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	—	8
Farm School.....	0	0	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	—	5

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Spiller, rf.....	4	0	0	0	1	1
Caplan, ss.....	4	0	1	0	1	2
Nicholson, 3b.....	3	1	1	0	9	0
Boutilier, p.....	4	1	1	14	0	0
Cavanaugh, 1b.....	4	0	2	2	0	0
Harmon, cf.....	3	1	1	2	0	1
Matcovitch, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Plevinsky, lf.....	4	0	1	3	0	0
Edelman, c.....	4	1	3	4	6	0
Fineberg, 2b.....	4	1	3	4	5	0
Lazarow, 3b.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total.....	31	5	10	27	16	4

FARM SCHOOL CRUSHES BROWN PREP

Sporting a revamped line-up, the Green and Gold downed Brown Prep in an exciting baseball tilt. Trailing the visitors by a score of 5 to 4, the farmers shoved across two runs, to win the game in the last-half of the ninth inning.

The timely batting of Kaplan and Boutilier was responsible for the victory. The Aggies used their hits to advantage to come out on top. Spivak pitched a good game, loose fielding behind him being responsible for several Brown Prep runs.

WILLIAMSON TRADE SCHOOL HUMBLES FARM SCHOOL

Williamson Trade School, displaying a powerful defensive and offensive attack, humbled the aggies by a score of 13 to 1. This was the largest score rolled against the farmers for the past five years.

The visitors bunched their hits and took advantage of the breaks to score as often as they did. Spevak struck out 9 men but was handicapped by the poor fielding of the Aggies.

Boutilier scored the lone tally for the Aggies and played a good game on first base. The Green and Gold made nine errors that helped to pave the way for defeat.

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Spiller, rf.....	5	0	2	1	0	0
Lazarow, 3b.....	5	0	1	2	1	2
Kaplan, ss.....	5	0	1	1	1	0
Boutilier, 1b.....	4	1	0	10	1	2
Plevinsky, lf.....	5	0	1	1	0	1
Harmon, cf.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
Cavanaugh, c.....	4	0	1	9	0	1
Fineberg, 2b.....	4	0	2	3	3	1
Spevak, e.....	1	0	0	5	0	—
Total.....	38	1	8	27	10	9
WILLIAMSON T. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Keller, c.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Farwell, ss.....	3	2	2	4	2	0
Harrochs, 2b.....	6	3	1	5	4	1
Weaver, 3b.....	5	1	1	3	1	0
Schlegals, 1b.....	5	0	1	9	0	0
Palmer, cf.....	5	1	2	0	0	1
Woodylack, lf.....	5	2	2	2	0	0
Brungard, p.....	4	1	2	0	2	0
Harton, rf.....	5	2	2	2	0	0
Total.....	44	13	15	27	10	2

AGGIES LOSE CLOSE BATTLE WITH PENNINGTON

After a sensational game, both teams playing good ball, Farm School was defeated by Pennington Prep to the tune of 6 to 5.

Victory seemed evident for the farmers when they scored five runs in the third inning, taking a commanding lead in the game. The Prep boys came back in the same inning, scoring three runs and adding sixth inning earnings of two runs. The score was 5-5, a deadlock, when Campbell, star third baseman for our opponents, clouted out a mean three-bagger, which opened their attack in the seventh and last inning. Their next man placed a beautiful bunt, bringing in Campbell, who scored the winning run. The game ended right there.

Much credit is due to Phil Spevak, our pitcher, who made several plays of merit, and to Lazarow and Cavanaugh, who each made two hits.

(Continued on page 24)

"SPORT CHATTER"

Caplan erred twice when he saw Peggy Linden with "Nigs" Rosenberg.

Miss Churchman, our most faithful rooter, continued to attend the games, in spite of bad weather.

The "boys" are having an off-year, due to drought (beer and wine).

Dr. Moore's appearance on the bench, inspired the boys to a victory.

Dean Goodling is our "biggest" athletic supporter.

"Trouby" Silverberg, announcer at the wrestling and boxing matches, says he owes it to his hash moustache.

The interdorm baseball games are progressing finely. To date Second Floor is leading the procession with two victories and nary a defeat. All this is due to Unique Edelman's famous "close" decisions.

Coach Stangel is supplying Edelman and the scrubs with rosin for the bench.

The peggy league is functioning on all four cylinders. In the last game played the Poultry slingers won from the Dairymen by a 3 to 1 score. Captain Seidman of the winners predicts a pennant for his poultry squad.



Juniors Vanquish the Freshmen in Wrestling

Adapting the motto, "fighting hearts cannot be beat," the Juniors continued the assault on the Freshmen by winning the wrestling bouts, on Friday, May 15th.

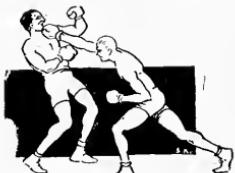
The bout of the evening was between "Sleepy Harmon," and the freshman coal miner treat, "Pete Matcovitch." In this fracas the spectators were treated to a bit of football tactics, including the famous flying tackle and the deadening body slam. Both boys kept the spectators in an uproar from start to finish. Matcovitch won the bout by throwing Harmon out of the ring, and later pinning the stunned Junior to the mat in short order.

Freshman Simons chased Cavanaugh around the ring to win the bout for the freshies. Cavanaugh would slap Simon in the face, then nonchalantly push him into the ropes. It appeared to be a contest of the slap and shove society, instead of a wrestling bout.

Junior Ostroff and Freshman Bender-sky put on a corking good show. This bout was so close that an extra period was necessary to choose the winner. In this decisive extra time it seemed that the Junior was the winner, but the judges decided otherwise.

FRESHMEN BOW TO THE JUNIORS IN BOXING

The Juniors opened with a victory over the Freshmen in the beginning of inter-class athletic activities for the present year. The Juniors after losing the first



With the score tied, the junior coach sent in Primo Carnera's only Farm School rival, none other than Georgie Van Dernoot, who is not exactly a helpless cripple himself. "Van" came through as per expectations by throwing Freshman Gartner in four minutes. This bout was a good exhibition of sportsmanship and fair play.

Klien of the Juniors gritted his teeth, and made Freshman Goldman disgusted before the bout was over. During the first three minutes, the boys put on a wonderful exhibition of torture holds. Klien's superiority in strength and cool-headedness won the bout for him. The bout was stopped by the referee near the finish, and he said that Goldman was in no condition to continue the fight.

Abe Fuchs, the little mighty man of '33, and class president at this time, tossed Freshman Breen around the ring, practically as simple to him as tossing books at his room-mate. Headlocks came one after another, weakening the freshman to such an extent that he actually ran away from his contestant. Fuchs was clearly the aggressor during the entire bout.

two bouts of the evening, came back in that true Farm School spirit.

Freshman Breen, weighing 115, gave Junior Plotkin a boxing lesson. Failure to dodge the devastating left jab of the underclassman cost Plotkin the bout.

The second bout saw Slabodnick, '34, win on a technical knockout from Neuman, '33, in the second round. The Freshman had a big advantage in height and reach which the Junior was unable to overcome.

Klien and Gunsharsky fought a very

(Continued on page 24)

THE STRANGE POWER

(Continued from page 9)

usual interesting lectures in the laboratory. "With the aid of Professor Gare," spoke Ranes, "I will now give you a demonstration on the involuntary action of a person holding an object in hand when some word is spoken that reminds them of something that is of particular importance to them. Professor Gare, will you please be prepared to take this butcher knife when I am ready to hand it to you?"

Gare nodded his head as Ranes went on to give a lengthy explanation of the things of importance that were to be noticed. His explanation was long but apparently very interesting as all students leaned forward and became perfectly absorbed in what the professor was telling them.

Twenty minutes later the students from other class-rooms rushed to Ranes' laboratory to investigate the cause of horrified feminine screams which seemed to be issuing from the place. Professor Gare was found lying in a heap upon the floor amidst a pool of blood. He was quite dead.

Every one of the original thirty students swore that they had seen Gare take a butcher knife from Ranes and deliberately plunge it into his own heart.

There was an inquest for Gare and the thirty students proved it a case of suicide.

I am the only living person, save the murderer, who really knew how Francis Gare met his death.

* * * * *

We must remember that the mind of Charles Ranes was far superior to that of the average man of his profession. Along with this, he understood the brain much more thoroughly than any one who ever lived.

When a student in the University he figured out all of the tricks of American magicians, while his trip abroad was solely for the purpose of studying the tricks of the Hindus and Chinese. He, of course, noticed that the best students in American Universities are often Orientals. These students came nearest to giving him competition as a student of Psychology. Putting two and two together, he figured that since the best students came from the countries which held the secrets of tricks that perplexed master-minds as himself, there would undoubtedly be something to learn in these countries which would perfect him in the mastery of his chosen profession.

It took him two years and cost him large sums of money, but his quest was finally rewarded when he watched a Hindu Faker apparently send a hemp rope up into the air, where it remained rigidly vertical as a boy climbed it.

This is a trick of India which had long perplexed him, and at last he had discovered its secret. The secret to the trick was called Mental Dissociation. This power of Mental Dissociation could be carried on by certain strong-minded and clever men by talking to a crowd of people until they were so absorbed in the conversation that they imagined things very vividly along with the speaker. This causes the mental picture of imagination to temporarily overcome the reflection of the eye pupils on the brain and yet registers on the memory as something actually seen with the eye. This of course, convinces the audience that they actually beheld some action, which in reality was only an hallucination.

And so it was that Professor Charles Ranes drew a mental picture on the minds of his students of the suicide of Francis Gare, while he himself actually committed the murder before thirty pairs of

of unseeing eyes, and one pair of seeing eyes which were mine.

I was walking through the University at the time, looking for a friend who was a student of the school. It happened that I opened the door to the laboratory just in time to see the murder committed and so was not under the spell of the Professor's conversation.

I at first thought my eyes must have deceived me after hearing thirty students swear it was a case of suicide, but since that time I have discovered the explanation only after studying the case, at odd times, for three years.

Second prize story in the GLEANER Story Contest, Won by Douglas M. Bourne, '33.

FRESHMEN BOW TO THE JUNIORS IN BOXING

(Continued from page 22)

interesting and close battle. From the opening gong to the final whistle, each boy stood his ground and slugged for old glory. Klein's superior strength enabled him to emerge the victor.

The spectators were treated to another thriller, when "Smiling Jimmy" Pollacheck, '33, and Mersky, '34, squared off. Pollacheck's superior boxing ability told the tale against the slugging freshman.

Plevinsky, '34, landed enough socks in the first two rounds to defeat I. Portnoy, '33, in a close tussle. In the third round Portnoy's guns were functioning on all four cylinders, but the freshman's early lead was sufficient to win the battle.

In the 165th division Cavanaugh defeated Budin by a technical knockout. Cavanaugh had things much his own way and the freshman was unable to cope with the heavy hitting junior.

"Primo" Vandernoot and Freshman Engleberg tangled in the deciding scrap of the evening and the upperclassman

won rather handily. "Primo," who had the advantage in height and weight slugged his smaller opponent all around the ring but the plucky freshman always came back for more. This bout won the meet for the Juniors.

The spectators were treated to quite a few thrills when professional boxers from Philadelphia put on three fast, three-round boxing exhibitions which the onlookers enjoyed immensely. They were brought here through the kind efforts of Griff Boardman. Thanks are also extended to Louis A. Hirsh, Pete Tyrell, Jack McBurggin, and Charles E. Price who also aided in bringing them here and to Jack McQuiggan, who officiated as the third man in the ring.

AGGIES LOSE CLOSE BATTLE WITH PENNINGTON

(Continued from page 21)

PENNINGTON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Campbell, 3b.....	4	2	3	2	0	0
Perez, 2b.....	3	1	0	1	0	0
Perez, J., c.....	3	0	0	4	0	0
Evans, 1b.....	2	0	1	9	1	2
Maginis, ss.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Drene, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Smyth, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Lyon, p.....	2	1	1	5	2	0
Witzel, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Coonan, p.....	2	1	1	0	4	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total.....	25	6	6	21	7	3

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Spiller, rf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Lazarow, 3b.....	4	0	2	0	1	1
Kaplan, ss.....	3	1	1	3	3	1
Boutillier, 1b.....	4	1	1	2	0	0
Plevinsky, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Harmon, cf.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Cavanaugh, c.....	4	0	2	3	1	2
Fineberg, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	1	0
Spivak, p.....	3	1	1	0	1	0
Matcovich, 3b.....	1	0	1	0	1	0
—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total.....	34	5	10	18	8	4

Jim Brady's Poultry Experiences

IT SO happened that my rich Uncle John, in his last will and testament, bequeathed me his poultry plant in beautiful Squeedunk Valley. Upon his death I set out for better or worse to attempt a livelihood in this worn-out racket. After several days hitch-hiking, I came upon a most dilapidated Poultry farm which proved to be the egg factory of my late Uncle John.

My good Farm School training under the tutelage of the dapper Mr. Toor had taught me that time and tide wait for no man, and hence I set forth immediately to build up my plant. Luckily for me, my uncle had kicked off in the fall of the year, which gave me ample time to repair my brooder houses in preparation for my chicks in the spring.

Came the spring. I wrote away to the Toor Hatcheries ordering 7,000 of his blood-tested chicks for March delivery. Mr. Toor had gained quite a reputation in the community of Squedunk for the excellency of his chicks. I wanted none but the best. The chicks arrived in fine condition and I placed them under Newtown brooder stoves (500 capacity), 350 under each stove. Lazy by nature and not relishing the idea of caring for so many chicks by myself, I hired a certain stout individual. I found this man unsatisfactory. He was wont to tell me how to run my business, a thing which I despised. What did I care if he came from a college! Didn't I graduate from a college, or its equivalent? So I canned him.

I practiced the following routine: When I first placed the cute little things under the stoves (they ought to be cute for eighteen cents per chick) I dipped every darned one of their beaks in luke-warm buttermilk and in the starting mash. I had one mash hopper for each

hundred chicks. I fed Professor Toor's famous starting mash.

The first six days I lost 25 chicks (I should have raised my own chicks; you can't trust these hatchery men). After the fifth day I let my chicks out on fly-screened cement porches. The ground around my brooder houses was contaminated with every known cootie harmful to poultry. My mash had cod-liver oil and oyster shell, also some grit. Having nothing to do on the seventh day I wrote a letter to Dorothy Dix, seeking some advice for the lovelorn. I couldn't manage a farm of this size without a spouse.

The chicks were growing like the deuce, feathering like a pillow, and so was my feed bill. I separated the cockerels from the pullets, placing them in bachelor quarters. A great racket this poultry game. Why didn't I take up game birds instead?

When the pullets were twelve weeks old I set the whole lot of them on range. What a range that was. If you've ever been out Squeedunk Valley, you'll know how green the grass can grow out there. I had plenty of shade (no cows were allowed on my range). I had these range houses made of insulation board—something like they had when I was a student at Farm College. My birds thrived and so did my expenses. I never saw such yellow legs on birds as I saw on mine. I had these covered range mash hoppers and plenty of them. My birds couldn't say that "Moishe" Dogon didn't treat them right.

At five months of age I discovered an egg under one of my range houses. As a poet would describe it: The sun was shining so divinely out there on the range, the birds were making merry. The trees

(Continued on page 30)



EXCHANGE

MILTON ROSENZWEIG

A LARGE collection of magazines lies before me. I notice magazines from all parts of the United States in the collection. To attempt to criticise them all would be unthinkable; to pick a few would be partiality; to throw them all out would be a shame. But, rather would I be accused of being wasteful than being partial, so out they all go. I must say, however, that some of these magazines contain innumerable bits of food for thought.

As an example, let us take *The Index* from Haverford, Pa. *The Index* has a short poem entitled "Nocturne", by Sam. Who he is I don't know. In fact, I don't care. Ever since time immemorial, poems on the same order have been written, and will continue to be written as long as man can write. Still, the poem is good and requires mention. Here is one stanza of it:

A day is gone; a time so short,
I never stop to count the hours.
And happenings of every sort
Have past me flown to distant towers
Where when I sleep, with strange import
They press me and my brain distort.

One school magazine I have before me. *The Wissahickon* seems to be full of work of embryo poets. Some are good and some otherwise. Not being an excellent critic on poetry, I hate to be held responsible for any unfair criticism that I may make. But the idea of having a page for these budding geniuses seems to be very good.

Now an impressive magazine is the *Blue and Gold*, of Concordia. It is impressive because its composition is one of the best that I have ever seen, and believe me, I've seen many. Everything seems to be in its proper place, marked with clear demonstrative cuts.

But let's pass this magazine in favor of one well known in Philadelphia's literary circles, *The Southron*, of South Philadelphia High School. The contents are more to my liking, but of course my likings cannot be considered when criticising other people's likings. I would like to say, however, that no better method of producing school spirit can be found to shine above the "Retrospection" as was printed in this magazine.

I could hardly go on without commenting on the *Black and Blue Jay* of John Hopkins University. You wouldn't have to read it twice to learn of its origin. The jokes and monologues are very explicit in showing you that it is a college organ under student reign. With the ads and humorous literature the magazine passes my judgment.

The cover of the *Orange and Blue*, of Milton Academy, looks inviting. Now that I've read it over, I may say that the insides of the magazine are more so. One interesting feature of the book was the editorial entitled, "For Tomorrow We Die". This is a brief résumé of the three classes of people, who, when the whistle blew, were to go over the top. The first were those soldiers, who, half-

(Continued on page 32)

ALUMNI

JACOB CRAFIN

ALUMNI Day will be on July 4th and 5th. We want to see a big turnout. A good time is assured to all. Come and renew old friendships and spend two delightful, pleasure-filled days. Don't forget the date—July 4th and 5th.

PERSONALS

George Goldberg, '20, of Spring Valley, N. Y., recently became the father of a bouncing baby girl.

While on the subject of bouncing baby girls—Cecil Toor, '16, our Professor of Poultry, was also blessed with one of the aforementioned.

Nate Smeil, '30, has recently returned from California where he worked for a year at the Brentwood Dairy Farms, near Los Angeles.

Grisdale and Liskowitz, both of the '31 Class, are working together at Chaska, Minnesota. They write that they are engrossed in their work.

Charley Schwerin, '31, is manager of the Asbury Park branch of the Manalpins Nurseries.

Otto Wenger, '22, is in the creamery business in Flint, Mich.

Ralph Blumer, '22, is a county agent in Northern Michigan.

Fred Blumer, '27, is working in a grain elevator at Harrisville, Michigan.

Louis Keisling is successfully managing the Willow Gate Farms near Princeton, N. J.

Cohen and Smith, '31, are working at the Three Points Nurseries at East Stroudsburg, Pa.

Rogers Austin, '31, is working for a leading landscaper in his home town, Cincinnati. He has charge of the perennial gardens on the show grounds of the nursery. Austin hopes eventually to become connected with a fruit farm in that vicinity.

Harry Steinberg, senior adviser for the '33 Class is working on a horticulture farm at Allendale, N. J., twenty-seven miles from New York City. He sends his regards to his "boys".

Ed Frankle, '31, is working on an estate near New Hope, N. J., where he hopes to develop a fine poultry flock. He is a frequent visitor at the school and if his chicks succeed, he owes much to our burner for keeping disease away.

M. Zwaaf, '30, who was connected with Trexler's Orchards since graduation, and Schwartz, '20, are employed by Mr. Purcell on his farm near Hopewell, N. J.

Weinstein of the '31 Class, is located on a dairy and general agriculture farm near

Langhorne. We hear he cares for 23 cows and one hundred acres of land.

Harry Plotkin, '31, is managing a farm near Reading, Pa. He paid the school a visit recently with his employer.

Rubin, '26, is graduating from Mass. Aggie this June. He majored in Pomology.

Eddie Hecsh is the father of a bouncing baby girl. Mrs. Hecsh is doing well. Mazel Tov.

KEEPING AHEAD IN AGRICULTURE

Farming may be the oldest industry in the world, but it has by no means stopped growing. In fact, it is one of the fastest growing industries we have. Keeping ahead is one of the important issues that confronts the farmer. A farmer of a decade ago cannot very well succeed today. Times change and so does farming. What was a fact yesterday, is a fallacy today. It is the job of the farmer to keep abreast with the progress in agriculture.

One of the best ways to accomplish this is to attend the farm shows. As Mr. Toor pointed out at one of the assembly programs last year, at these shows you can see what really up-to-date farmers are doing. And coincidentally this is a good means of finding out the latest in the profession. Those students who attended the Horticultural Society's trip last year, to Rutgers know how really true this is.

Another important method to keep ahead is to read the farm journals as well as the experiment station bulletins. Farmers should be proud of the farm papers. They are real friends. An intelligent man can find good advice in the magazines, even in the advertisements.

A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

E. FRANK, '32

OUR calendar is filled with jubilees. We commemorate events of the past, though of questionable significance, with enthusiasm. We adorn ourselves with crested plumes, and rich uniforms to worship at the shrines of our national idols. We take every opportunity for celebration with zest and with an outburst of passion. And what is the result? The year is a chain of "cabbage weeks" and "peace days" of "dedications", "birthdays", and "holidays."

Farm School, by virtue of its designated loyalties, retains its kinship with the rest of the world in celebrating different occasions, and has an added measure of such days of remembrance. The present moment finds us paying tribute to the name and achievements of Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf. He was truly an heroic figure. He won recognition for himself through his generosity of soul, his quiet modesty, and wonderful accomplishments. The virtues of his fine character won for him the friendship of the many. And he,—a friend to all.

The fine work of Rabbi Krauskopf is well known to us, for we students of the Farm School are the beneficiaries of the fruit of his labors. Not only that,—we also find that Rabbi Krauskopf distinguished himself in another field, becoming one of the foremost well-known Rabbis in the country.

We dedicate this issue to Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, founder of the school. An institution which has become the realization of a great dream, a monument to a noble ideal and fulfillment of a divine inspiration. To him we say

"*Zächer Tzaddik Livracho*"



BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Martin Pitt didn't miss a single meal since entering school.

Stone is Editor-in-Chief of THE GLEANER. Kaufman actually laughed aloud on May 3, 1931.

Edelman has Indian blood in him. His true name is Chief "Grubber."

Malkin sleeps $22\frac{1}{2}$ hours daily. The other $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours are spent in the dining room.

Crafin handed out a set-up at the A. A. store on June 1, 1931.

Rosenberg and Gorenberg are on an 18-day diet.

Finkle was silent for two hours in succession. He was unconscious.

Plotkin isn't a "Greek"—He hails from Kiev.

The only two Morris's in the Senior class, Soopper and Seidman, room together. The Juniors finally won an interclass meet.

Red's Newman is a Senior.

"Pinky" Bercutt's best friend wouldn't tell him.

Silverberg isn't a "Litvak". He washes his feet regularly.

"Red" Portnoy is the new President of the "Shnozz" club.

Phil Spivak thinks that "Mendel Washka" is an Arabian peanut vendor.

Gorenberg wears winter underwear all year around.

Genuine signs of warm weather: the Dean's announcement of punishment for those not wearing shirts at work; ice cream on Sunday, May 17th; iced tea on Wednesday, May 20th.

HEARD IN ULMAN HALL

Yablonka—"How do you spell 'Scallopion?'"

Seidman—S-c-a-l-l-i-o-n.

Yablonka—"There's a man that knows his onions."

Now that punishment is in the form or writing 2500 and 5000 word essays, some new contributors for THE GLEANER should be expected.

The party that made the following remark last December in the dairy barn certainly was a "slicker" turned "hicker". He must have thought he was in a Bronx apartment when he exclaimed to a classmate "Shut the door, where do you think you are—in a stable?"

Some fellows were accusing the call-boy, Freshman Ralph, of having an easy job—a racket. "G'wan," he answered, "if I had a racket I'd be playing tennis."

Years ago, when a student had a black eye he was not permitted to get on the sick list. Lately, if you get "Pink Eye" you don't even need to ask to get on. What a whale of a difference color makes.

SEASONAL RHYME

*Spring is here
With its cheer.
Wake up flowers
Greet the showers.
Come on boys,
Out of doors,
The weather's fine
That's no lie.
It's time for track,
'Tis for a fac'.
Want lots of vim?
Next week we swim.
Chalfont's open
At least I'm hopin'.
Heifer heaven,
Number seven,
Pigs alive,
At Number Five,
Horseshoe pitchin'
Behind the kitchen,
Oats are growing,
Corn we're sowing,
Wheat and hay
Are well on way,
Sunshine bright
From morn 'til night.
Why don't you see
That Spring's for me!*

R. GOLDSTEIN.

ALUMNUS ADDRESSES DAIRY CLUB

On May 19, the Dairy Club had a very interesting meeting at the Dairy. The invited speaker was Frederick Weigle, '14, who is the manager of an 800-acre estate near Philadelphia. Mr. Weigle gave a very interesting talk on dairying, and the meeting later turned into an open discussion on dairying in general. At the close of the meeting, the members partook in the manufacture of ice cream, later samp'ing the entire quantity to determine whether the directions of Mr. Brenneis, the faculty sponsor of the club had been correctly followed.

JIM BRADY'S POULTRY EXPERIENCES

(Continued from page 25)

were glistening in the moonshine—pardon me, I mean sunshine—when, dear me! I discovered an egg.

Well, I transported the birds to my laying houses. I gradually changed from growing to laying mash. I placed 120 birds in a pen, and waited for them to lay.

Eggs were selling at 65 kopecs a dozen, and did I cash in! I cashed out too. In a month or so, my chickens were hitting 29 per cent and going strong. When they hit 60 per cent I had a heart-to-heart talk with them and convinced them not to go any farther. You see, I was afraid they might get Prolapsis. It doesn't pay to force your birds when eggs are selling for only \$1.20 a dozen.

I was selling my eggs to the social elite of South Philadelphia. They certainly appreciate good stuff. They pay whatever price you ask for and don't make any squawk about it either.

I found my routine increasing daily and so rather than impair my health, I got married. I married a girl with plenty of dough. She certainly got a break when she married me.

I'm going to incubate my own chicks next spring. As soon as I mate up my breeders, I'm going to take a needed vacation. I'll leave my wife in charge of the place. It will give her a chance to learn the business.

Yes, I've had a successful year, but heck! I don't feel well. What's the matter with me? I feel dizzy. Don't shake me. Oh! all right I'll get up. You didn't have to wake me up right in the middle of a good dream. Yes, I know it's graduation day.

P. S. Mr. Toor, if you find any mistakes in the way of management, you can't exactly blame me. After all it was only a dream.—MORRIS DOGON, '31.

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EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 26)

way across, turned back in fear. They were the new recruits. The second type were those soldiers who were wounded and returned to the center of their dreams, their wives. The third type gained the enemy trench and were killed. They had no fear and their constant dream was "For Tomorrow We Die."

Now, since there are too many other magazines that we cannot write about this time, we wish to thank those co-operating people who thought of us. And with a closing prayer of "And Lord —may they say something about us," we await your next issue.

Acknowledgment:

Jim-Dandy Pioneer, Houston, Texas.*Community Messenger*, Trenton, N. J.
Michigan State Record, U. of Michigan.

THE ORCHESTRA

The orchestra entered this semester minus four of its best players, who were graduated. With only a couple of weeks practice, it opened the season May 16th at the Freshman Reception Dance. The organization is now practicing for the dance next month and will feature many new numbers. Members of the Orchestra include Koch, Seidman, Burns, Delaney, Merkin, Pollacheck, Schell, Angert and Manager Silverberg.



FRESHIES BREAK INTO THE SOCIAL WHIRL AT N.F.S.

The Freshman class made its initial début into our social world Saturday night, May 16, at the Reception Dance tendered in their honor by the Student Council. It was a colorful affair, the attendance nearing a record crowd for a dance here at school.

Dancing was to the tune of the 1931 edition of our own "Melodious Hay-seeders," under the capable leadership of Jack Koch. Assisting the leader were Seidman, Angert, Merkin, Schell, Pollacheck, Burns, and Delaney.



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One good way to get going in this business is to get some summer vacation employment with an established dealer. This way you can learn for yourself what the opportunities are in the business while you are getting the practical experience.

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